## REWHITE FEATHER

BO LECHMERE WORRALL

AND J. E. HAROLD TERRY

as they are by the actual horrors owing

to a purely geographical accident, the war

seems more in the nature of a malign

nightmare than anything else. Pennicuik,

like every other Englishman, had never

been able quite to get rid of the feeling

that he was making rather an ass of him-

self when he talked of spies, signals, docu-

ments and all the rest of the well-worn

paraphernalia associated for so many years

with pure melodrama. Now, as though at

the touch of a wand, the whole thing had

sprung into reality and Penniculk tingled

"Have they taught you the semaphore?

"What's this?" asked Brent, rapidly sig-

Pennicuik shook his head. "You go a bit

"Right: I'll try it again. Got it this time?

Brent nodded. "You're all right. That'll

do. In half an hour or less you will see

somebody signaling at this window, with

lights, of course. Don't worry. You'll

"Right, sir; is there anything else? It's

"Anything else? It's really rather funny

you should ask that. I should just think

there was. You're not keen to become a

"Well, not exactly-can't say that I am."

"If the Sandersons' plan had succeeded."

remarked Chris, quietly, "you'd have had

This was bringing the war home with a

vengeance. Pennicuik stared at Brent.

"Good God, sir, you are joking! You

"They were worried about you," replied

Chris. "From your place on the cliff you

might very easily have seen the flames and

given the alarm before the house was

properly alight. That would not have suited

their book at all. So it was arranged that

Fritz should-make sure of your silence. A

"Murder, sheer murder!" gasped Percy.

"They will still attempt it." went on Chris,

little effort with a knife, I take it."

corpse vet awhile. I suppose?"

hardly able to believe him.

no option.

know it's me signaling to the cruisers."

nearly time for me to relieve the sentry."

Chris smiled with a touch of grimness.

"I think so. Britannia, wasn't it?"

to the knowledge

"More or less, sir."

too quick for me, sir."

sked Brent.

aling a word.

rything Is in Readiness for the Burning of West Crest and the "Pig Sticking" Looked Forward to With So Much Zest by Fritz-Mrs. Lee Is to Take the Women to Safety in a Large Touring Car

n Innocent-Looking Little Box, Such as That Employed by Sanderson, Has Wrought Destruction in Many Munitions Plants and Government Shops Throughout the Neutral World and the United States

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Everything in Readiness

PENNICUIK gave vent to a low whistle of dismay.

"You needn't worry," Brent reassured him with a laugh. "They won't manage it, best I shall "

"You will burn the house?" asked the amazed young man.

"No no. I'll send a signal, not to the German submarines, though, but to a couple of British cruisers which will be in waiting in the harbor for them."

"By Jove, that's great!" cried Penniculk his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and enjoyment. At last the war was becoming real to him, which, in spite of his patriotism, his uniform and the military routine it had not yet done.

To most people in England, unaffected

must shoot, and shoot to kill. You are a crack shot, they tell me."

Pennicuik turned to go, then came back. "Look here, sir, I simply don't know how

o thank you," he said awkwardly. "Don't thank me; you run along to your place and see that you keep your eyes and ears well open, and good luck to you,"

very faint, for it only came from the small electric movable lamp which stood on a side table. It was turned up by Charles Sanderson. He was accompanied by Fritz, who was carrying a small black box. "Put it down carefully on the table and see that



"Good luck to you, sir," and Penniculk saluted before he went out at the window.

Chris stood still for a moment. He began to search in his pockets, then a look of satisfaction came over his face as his fingers touched what they sought. He drew out his pipe, filled it with care, lit it, and drew two or three puffs with deep contentment. Then, pipe in mouth, he went round the room switching off the lights and went out, shutting the door after him. . . . . . .

The whole household had apparently gone "so you must keep your eyes open, and if to bed. Only a few lights showed in the mind."

"Don't touch that!" yelled Sanderson as Fraulein put out her hand. Charles ordered him. Then, when Fritz had when the door opened the shapes of Mrs

obeyed, "Are they all in bed?" "Byery vone," Fritz assured him.

"Good How about this fellow on the cliffs? It's our danger spot in more ways than one. You think you can make quite sure of him? There must be no bungling.

Sanderson and fraulein muffled in big coats and vells could be very dimly seen against the faint light in the passage.

"I don't think he's here." said Mrs. Sanderson, and in the darkness all the nervousness and anxiety in her voice sounded painfully distinct.

"I expect he is," said fraulein placidly. often the case nowadays, she is bound A slow smile spread over Fritz's cherubic countenance, and there came a gleam that

problem is easier than when it is hoped to catch them alive.

was not pleasant into his usually bland lit-

tle eyes. Again he made that gesture with

his phenomenally long thumb. "I vill make

no mistake" he said. "When I lived on my

father's farm I used always to kill the

"Charles, you are there, are you not?" "I'm here, all right. Come in and shut

Even under the most favorable circumstances the road of a conspiracy is not always clear sailing. This is especially frue when a counter-plot is actively at work trying to nip the original plans. Where it is desired merely to thwart the original rogues the

> the door and I'll switch on the light again." "What a start you gave me. Charles!" nurmured Mrs. Sanderson, and she sat down rather heavily in the armchair. The light revealed her face as blotchy, not with terror, for her personal courage she had all that was required by her calling, but with some inner fear of the soul which was mak-

> "Sorry, mater," replied Charles, "but one has to be careful. I thought it might be some one else. Is everything ready?"

Fraulein nodded. "Everything. Not one item has been left to chance, and everything is fitting in perfectly."

"Where is Mrs. Lee?" "She is in the car waiting for us at the bend of the drive. She has been too wonderful, this new sister of ours. So full of thought, so quick. The escort is there and armed. They leave us in London, but she comes on with us. She has all her papers made out as an American. Is not that clever, hein?"

"Everything seems to be going all right, certainly," agreed Charles. Even his impassive face was showing signs of strain "Don't touch that," he added hastily, as fraulein put out her hand curiously toward the little box on the table.

"That's it, then?" she asked. "The in endiary bomb you were telling us about?" "That's it. It isn't set yet. I shall tim to explode before I join you. Fritz, get he glasses out and the wine."

A little hush fell upon the assembled com oany, a hush with something solemn in it Fritz went to the cupboard, unlocked it and took out three glasses and a decanter, which ne placed upon the table. Charles poured the wine out, still in that silence, then motioned to Fritz to bring a fourth glass for himself. The man obeyed, and then all four standing with their faces toward the east-toward Prussia, and not the place of the Resurrection-they drank the solemn toast. There was something in their silence in the simplicity of the act, in the significance which the drinking of the wine has had from the earliest ages, that for the moment imparted to them a hint of something not altogether unsublime.

The act over, Charles became business like again. He looked at his watch. "Now it's time you went and left me to my share of the work. If all goes well, and there is no reason why it should not, I shall be with you in about half an hour."

Mrs. Sanderson went up to him and drawing his head down, kissed him with quiet fervor upon the forehead. "Auf wiedersehen, my son," she murmured. "I go, but the good God be with you."

She looked round the room which had been familiar to her for so many years, with its white paint, its innocuous looking pic tures, its harmless ornaments and its pretty, restful color scheme. She looked. too, at the grate which had held such a secret potency. However impersonal the focus of a woman's life may be as to so

entwine certain strong personal fibers at it, and, notwithstanding the fact that Crest had been to Mrs. Sanderson chi the strategic point from which she and son worked for the cause, yet it had me home to her, too. Unlike fraulein had all her twenty years looked on as a stranger and an exile, Mrs. Sand

had grown gradually more accustomed her surroundings, probably because house was her own, whereas fraulein h merely lived about in other people's familie Therefore, now, happy as she was at the thought of getting back to Germany, an the rewards and honors that would accor to her for her work, and conscious of long and arduous duty well performe Mrs. Sanderson still felt a natural woman pang of regret at the destruction of wh had been her home for so long. It was sentiment, she knew, with which none

the others would sympathize, and she ther

fore kept it to herself, though her haggan

glance betrayed itself to fraulein

"The little Minna is feeling some regreta" said fraulein harshly. "Bah, what does it all matter, meine kamaradin? In German you will have a better home than this, with windows that shut properly and big stova Now, now, you need not embrace Charles again, we shall see him within half in hour," and fraulein with firm fingers swather Mrs. Sanderson's motor veils more about her face and pulled down the brown gauss monstrosity which hid her own feature Then the two women went slowly down the passage and Charles turned to Fritz. "You had better be getting your things finished." he advised, "and then do your bit of work It doesn't matter how we hurry the thin on now.

Again the slow smile beamed out over Fritz's face.

"Peeg sticking," he murmured blissfully. "I go peeg sticking," and he, too, went after one last affectionate glance at the little box upon the table.

Left alone, Charles glanced once at his watch, then switching out the light drew back the window curtains and, taking his binoculars from a drawer, stood for moment looking out. All was quite quite The night was very dark, but not entirely so, as the moon was in its first quarter, just diffusing a faint grayness behind and densely black object.

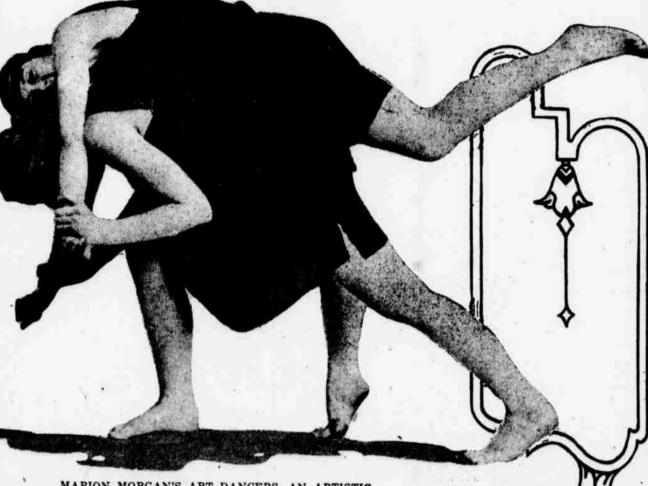
Charles opened the window and stood listening. Not a sound broke the stillness epcept the very faint, far-off rustling of the sea. He stepped back into the room and listened there. It seemed to him that he heard a soft, a very soft, step coming along the corridor. Quickly he pulled the window to, and, crossing the room, hid himself behind the bookcase, from which he could command a view of the room. His final trained ear had not deceived him, the next moment the door was gently opened and Christopher Bent, in pajamas and dressing gown, came into the room, holding a pocket electric torch in his hand. He flashed the light around, its rays sweeping over the can pet just by Sanderson's feet, but the wing of the shadow thrown by the bookcase pro-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

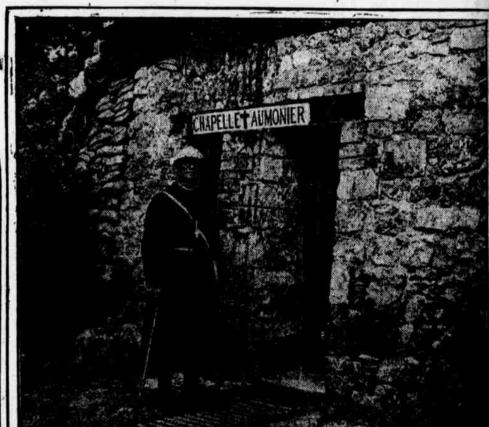
## LABOR DAY ATTRACTIONS AT THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRES—OTHER INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS



"THE PLATINUM BEAUTIES" ENLIVEN THE BILL AT THE GLOBE

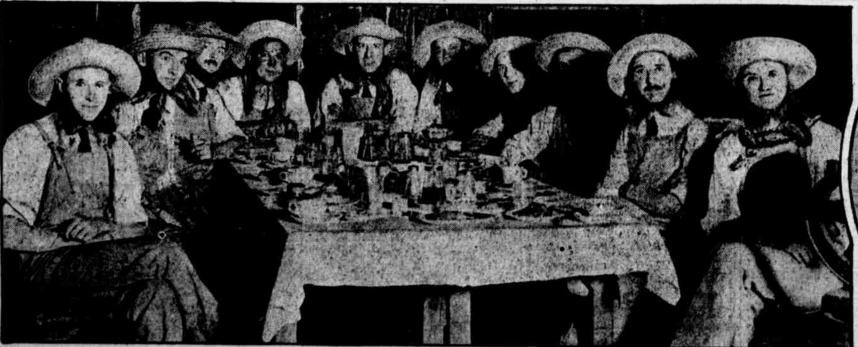


MARION MORGAN'S ART DANCERS, AN ARTISTIC ATTRACTION AT B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE



PRIEST AND CHAPEL WITHIN RANGE OF GERMAN GUNS Official French war photograph, showing one of the heroic devotees serving side by side with the poilus. The chapel at the Moulin Rouge Camp, on the Aisne front, is protected by sandbags from the bombs of aviators.





TESTIMONIAL DINNER TO DEPARTING SALES EXPERT

